



# Lost Prince



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## Chapter 1 by Manda Brown

The rain was pouring down so hard, you couldn't open your eyes without water stinging them. Thunder, like God applauding the turmoil, sounded in the night. Amidst the storm a thunder was heard unlike the others. This loud clap was placed repeatedly on a heavy wooden door, near the edge of the Harepein forest.

Startled awake, the man behind the door was in a daze. His senses came to him, and realizing what was happening, Erabis gathered his infant son into his arms and stood in the middle of the home.

The only doorway is barricaded by soldiers.

The thundering knocks viciously continued. CRACK! CRACK!

What do they want? I have nothing of theirs. He thought in a panic.

The wooden door shattered into splinters under the strength of an axe. Just then had Erabis scrambled out the back window. When his rough bare feet hit the cold wet earth, he fled frantically carrying only the child and the clothes on his back.

Finding the home empty, the soldiers and their horses, were on Erabis like hungry wolves. He did not dare to stop or waver in speed. Erabis kept running clutching the child tightly to his chest. Soon he would be amongst the trees of the forest. It was the only place he knew to be safe from the King's wrath. (The Harepein forest, rumored by the villagers to be possessed. It was also told that no one who went in, ever came out.) The soldiers would never dare follow Erabis into a place forbidden by the King.

Although, the King's men did hesitate at the edge of the black pines. They sat waiting...yearning to pursue their suspect, but wary of the consequences. The nervous pawing of horse hooves

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When they reached the small home, which was not too far from the tree line, the soldiers searched it inside and out, for whatever it was they were looking for. They tore the hay mattress' apart and threw them out the window. You could hear pots shattering and floor boards being ripped from the ground. All Erabis could do was stand silently in the shadows of the trees, and watch his precious possession be torn to pieces.

The men searched for what seemed like hours, covering every crevice of the one room home, adamant on finding what they came for. Not being able to find it, the captain ordered them to throw their red glowing torches onto the grass roof. Leaving nothing for the family to come back to.

Erabis' precious house, was soon ablaze with red and orange venomous flames, poisoning the walls and everything inside with their fury.

From his hiding in the woods Erabis could only look on in confused chaos. He watched as the only home he had known was burnt to dust. What have I done to deserve this?

Once the flames had been smothered by the rain, Erabis went back, to what just a few hours before, was a comforting home. He looked for anything untouched by the venomous fire. Everything was burnt to ashes. Everything was gone.

Before leaving his former domicile forever, Erabis took one last look out over his small patch of land. It was then and only then, that would you see him at his weakest. A small tear trickled down his ash caked cheek, exposing a trail of pale tender skin. He cursed the King and his men. They would never be forgiven for what they had done. He will have his retribution.

Torn and filled with enmity, Erabis trudged back into the forest, forever. With his infant son Eneko cradled in his arms.

Erabis soon built a new home, in a small clearing submerged in the devious branches of the forest.

It is here we have lived in hiding ever since.

## Chapter 2 by Manda Brown



If we go back to the town, we will be severely punished or even killed for defying the King's wishes. This is what my father tells me. I have tried to tell him no one would recognize us. After

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Harepein forest, "Ignorant town's folk," is what my father calls them. If only they knew what was in their city.

Now I am too old to play silly games with boys. I am a man now, father tells me, I need to work and help him. So instead of climbing trees and jumping from limb to limb every day, (Which one becomes quite accomplished at when living in a forest), I shear sheep and cut firewood with my father.

When my work is finished I still climb my way through the trees, to the forest's edge. There I sit day dreaming, as I watch the busy villagers bustling about the streets of Sciymgeour.

In fact that is what I am doing at this moment. Watching those worried little people trying to please each other.

For the past month the people have been carefully decorating the town for the Lost Prince's birthday. They do this every year, beautiful cloths of purple and red hung from their homes, and festive sprays of flowers caressing the streets. Even the little boys dress up as knights, symbolizing the young prince. He would be a great soldier now, is what the people gossip. They always have the perfect scenario of what he would be that year.

Sometimes I dream that I am the Prince everyone is looking for. 'Prince Eneko!' Everyone exclaims as I ride into my kingdom on a velvet black horse. They all lower to their knees as I pass, raising shouts of relief and triumph to my ears. 'Long live Prince Eneko!' 'All hail Prince Eneko!'

The best part is when I meet the King and Queen in the castles magnificent vestibule. Tears of joy cascading down their fair skinned cheeks. They sob to me how glad they are that I at last am home, and asking me of the marvelous adventures I must have had. Everything ends with the royal family hugging and feasting; and I, the Prince receiving multitudes of gifts from the overjoyed people.

Every time I imagine this scenario of my own, the dream is destroyed when I recall what King Luthais did to my family. I will never hug a man who took my father's home from him, and starved my mother to her death. I will always despise the kingdom of Sciymgeour, it's king for their act of malice towards an innocent man, Erabis, my father. There is no way to forgive such a crime.

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I studied for a moment, attempting to read his intentions. Then I laughed and said, "I am no boy. I am a man of your likeliness! And why should I be afraid of the forest when I was born in it!" I realized I had said too much. He is going to think I am an orphan and send the King's Guard for me! I panicked.... Why am I so afraid of what a town's man thinks? He knows nothing, 'ignorant,' like my father says.

The man just stared up at me, aghast at what had escaped my mouth. Finally he blinked, and shook his head as if to clear his mind, then replied, "Very well then, seek your own fate." At that he turned and walked back into the festive city.

I laughed at him once more marveling his ignorance. Did he not know the one to fear was living in his own city! Not in my forest. I turned to the colored town once more, then leapt from my post to the next sturdy branch traveling deeper into the woods towards the cottage.

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"You're late." Erabis commented as I walked in the door for supper.

"Sorry, I got caught up in something." I said with a quick smile, trying to hide the fact I had almost given up our secret abode to a villager. I knew my father would never approve.

"Caught up in what? A tree?!" He said with a light chuckle.

I laughed along with him so he wouldn't suspect anything more.

Since I was old enough to understand, my father has told me, "Never talk to the towns people, never go outside the forest, that's when they see you and snatch you away."

Until today, I had lived by that rule. So far I only observed and mocked the villagers. I could not tell you what made me slip up. Possibly because this man was the only one who had talked to me first. The only one that thought of me as someone like him, a town's person. In my heart, I wanted to fit in and be a town's person, but that would mean serving the baneful King Luthais, dishonoring my father.

Did I purposefully let him see me? I began to question myself now. Did I want to be discovered? I emerged from my thoughts to notice my father staring at me, concerned. I looked up from my supper and smiled. If he ever discovers what I have almost done, he will certainly kill me.

Chapter 5: Erabis



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After dinner I went into the living room at home reading the book. I was sitting in the room. Lightning crackled outside the house. I was sitting in the room. Lightning crackled outside the house.

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and giving the night a kind of rhythm. But I noticed none of this, my brain completely consumed in the book.

"100 years ago... no," I muttered to myself.

"50 years ago... again no," I said flipping the pages.

"What are you looking at," asked my father, a suspicious look on his face.

"Nothing just flipping through the pages," I replied, giving him a reassuring grin.

He walked away, his footsteps echoing back into the kitchen.

I continued looking through the book until I came to 10 years ago.

"The settlement in the forest gathered over 100 people and attacked their city rivals carrying off the baby prince," I said slowly. There was a picture below of a young baby.

I took the book into my room, the floorboards creaking at my arrival. I went to the mirror in my room and held the book up the boy in the picture and I had the exact same face.

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